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Cinderella at Dusk, Before the Promenade
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Pink Parasol

Thinking by the sea wall,
thinking by the sea,
you couldn't say I thought it all,
or thought of you and me.

My parasol was pink, the flowers darker,
as shade slid into shade, and evening made
them starker.

I went into the strip mall,
I lingered by the sea,
and only then did I recall
some thought of you and me.

My parasol was pink, unfolded in the sun,
but shade collapsed in shade, and summer
was undone.

I left my little sandbox,
I left my narrow shore,
I wandered from the docks
and thought of nothing more

than my pink parasol, tattered, soaked with
brine,
for as the sun was setting, I walked a crooked
line,

yet in the golden air I grew just a little bolder,
and lifted my pink parasol, and twirled it on my
shoulder.

Sexual History

Winter we were written into the history of
bad luck.
The ole man scaled fish.

"It's a doggy-dog world,"
I said as a child. I'd wanted to say

God has set His seal on me, His cicatrix.
A man felt around with his finger—pubic bone,
cervix—

probing the relationship of order to mind.
I felt as though my breasts had been

drawn on by somebody, horizontal commas.
After the snow, a fat white scale

fell from each crux in the chain-link fence.
I began to imagine everything I had been given

giving itself away: fishspine, pins and needles,
a voice,
That white manifestation that belonged to
nobody.

Cinderella at Dusk, Before the Promenade

Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went downtown to kiss her fellow,

Made a mistake and kissed a snake.
How many doctors did it take?
—jump rope chant

This yellow bothers me.
It's hard in such shoes,
and what with the illness,
the bracelets, rumors and doctors,
I never see my boy
as I loiter beneath the marquee.
And well you may ask me why
I go or at all bother.
But where else shall I find
sweeter chambers in this greenhorn town
to search for my love therein,
than glittering lizard-booted men,
address and alias noted down,
in my book of alibis three feet thick.

AMANDA PECOR's poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Passages North, Western Humanities Review, Paris Review, New England Review,* and other journals.

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